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Such is Life.

A POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

BY M. B. B.

PART THIRD.—THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

I.

The day was o'er, the evening shadows fell
In ample folds upon the hill and plain ;
With darkness, silence settled on the dell,
And hushed in sleep the warblers' merry strain.
Not so could night the cheer of man restrain,
For art supplied the torch of vanished day,
And cheered the merry circle by its lustrous play.

II.

I sat apart, within a brilliant hall ;
A hundred lamps dispensed their gladsome light,
Which fell profuse on manly figures tall,
And others, too, less stately, yet more bright.
While there I sat, false Julio came in sight,
And at his side young Claudio, with the glow
Of truth and innocence upon his faultless brow.

III.

A murmur ran through all that joyous throng,
And many an eye betrayed uncommon fire,
Then checked its glow—the impulse was not long,
For beauty never condescends t' admire,
With outward show, a form that can aspire
To rivalship, though, in affliction's day,
With matchless constancy 'twill wear itself away.

IV.

Ah, woman ! weak, yet in thy weakness strong !
At once the puzzle and true friend of man !
By instinct taught to hide thy heart, so long
As gladness smiles, but when the cheek is wan
With grief or pain, then like the pelican,
Forgetting self, how gently strong to raise
The drooping spirit ! Let thy goodness be thy praise.

V.

Now Julio, with a smiling, easy grace,
Presented Claudio as a friend most dear,
Whose presence, absent for too long a space,
Was all that lacked to render full their cheer.
A smile from all gave welcome full, sincere ;
Then gayety soon spread her sunny wing,
And gladness thrilled each breast as when the seraphs
sing.

VI.

The joyous hours sped by with nimble feet,
Laden with laughter, sprightliness and song,
And giddy with the dance, whose pleasures cheat
The senses, and entice bright youth along
With bounding pulse, enjoyment to prolong
Till night begins to pale before the day,
Then leaves them with a weary step to homeward stray.

VII.

Young Claudio kept his word—his heart was gay,
And freely flowed his spirit, fresh and bright ;
His graceful form and joyance won the day,
While radiant virtue clothed him round with light ;
And many a hopeful wish was heard that night,
That in the hours of joy henceforth be seen
His valued presence—playful, joyous, yet serene.

VIII.

They parted then, and each sought brief repose

Ere day uncloset his light-dispensing eye ;
But Claudio, as it was his wont, arose
As the aurora tinged the eastern sky,
And straightway to the grove-crowned hill did hie,
Determined that the pleasures of the night
Should not deprive him of the joy of morn's first light.

IX.

He bounded on, as gayly as a fawn ;
No trace of lost repose could be descried,
Save now and then an ill o'er-mastered yawn
Betrayed a nature too severely tried ;
Then, seated by the crystal water's side,
For the bird's matin hymn he listened long,
But they seemed fearful—he seditated in their song.

X.

A shade of gloom now clouded his fair brow ;
He marvelled at the stillness of the place.
Why should the birds he loved be silent now
And nature hide the beauty of her face ?
The blood now bounded through his veins apace ;
He leaned his head against a tree the while
And slept, but on his burning cheek there was no smile.

XI.

And as he slept strange visions filled his mind :
He stood upon a lofty hill whose form
Was like the reefs, whose choral arms, entwined
Round fair Bermuda's Isles, beat off the storm,
Protecting that bright land from void alarm,
So did this visioned hill a barrier rise
In a huge circle till its summit kissed the skies.

XII.

The space within, like an inverted cone
Supported by the hill's encircling side,
Was bright and fragrant with the odors thrown
By Flora's hand, whose bounty here outvied
The dear magnificence which regal pride
Compels its slaves to lavish on the dome
Which only serves to give proud tyranny a home.

XIII.

Broad flowery pathways round the hillside ran
Like terraces, with moderate decline,
Forming a comic spiral to the plain ;
But at each wind the gradual incline
Became more marked, more indistinct the line
That showed the circling path, till near the base
Twas e'en precipitous and scarce a foot in space.

XIV.

Each terrace was instinct with human life :
Upon the first resounded laughter gay ;
Its occupants, like children met in strife,
Contended by their gambols to display
The joy that springs from youth's impulsive play ;
But as they dance and sing, still on they move
Down the decline, while others fill their place above.

XV.

And as they gained each lower terrace plain,
A shade more anxious marked each wasting cheek,
Yet still they laughed, refusing to restrain
The quickened pace with which they madly seek
Each lower step, until a piercing shriek
Ascending, as when foe encounters foe,
Obliges them to pause in dread, and look below.

XVI.

There now they first behold a horrid sight—
A yawning gulf, like to the crater dread
Of an exhaust volcano, doth affright
Their staring eyes, as by dark frenzy sped,

The multitude before, with reckless tread,
Shrieking, blaspheming, laughing in despair,
Rush blindly to the dismal gulf—and disappear.

XVII.

Then many an eye turned back in anxious fear,
And many a step sought to retrace its way,
But, hindered by the onward rushing cheer,
Was borne all hopeless on, in blank dismay,
Save now and then, when hope had lost its ray,
A hand, stretched forth in gentle, pitying love,
Drew the despairing one to the next plain above.

XVIII.

This gave new hope ; another saving hand
Appeared to bid the trembling heart rejoice ;
Soon on the summit safe, though weary, stand
The few who bravely made this happy choice.
As Claudio gazed, he heard a gentle voice
Breathe softly in his half unconscious ear :
" See ! such is life !—beware, young man,—in time
beware !"

XIX.

He woke, as startled by a viper's sting,
His eyes with agitation wildly stare ;
That warning cry still in his ears did ring :
" See ! such is life,—beware—in time beware !"
Then as his trembling mind he would prepare
For calm reflection, Julio came in sight
And hailed him in a tone familiar, gay and light :

XX.

" Ho ! Claudio, you're an early bird, I see ;
I thought you still in slumber's sweet embrace,—
But, saw you ever such delightful glee
As lit, last night, each joy illuminated face ?—
How now, my boy ? Methinks I e'en can trace
Some sadness in your countenance demure.
Ah ! but I know the ill—I also know the cure."

XXI.

Then drew he forth a case of curious make ;
Its upper half was bound in leather sheath,
The lower, one for silver might mistake ;
But Julio drew this off, and showed beneath
Transparent glass, containing some rare meathé
Which he did then into the cup distill,
Adding, in equal share, cool water from the rill.

XXII.

" Here, Claudio," spoke he with no slight pretence—
" Take this, 'twill soothe thee by its magic power ;
'Twill cheer thy soul, and heal that weary sense
Which sometimes steals upon us, when an hour
Of wanted rest is spent in Pleasure's bower.
But we can still outwit dull sleep, and smile
While this rare nectar will defeat her tauntings vile."

XXIII.

The unsuspecting youth the cup received
And drank its contents, for his heart was sad ;
He sought relief, and deemed him not deceived
As through his veins the subtle poison sped
And bade his soul once more be glad, he said :
" Well, Julio, you're a leech of wonderous power—
I am your friend, your pupil from this very hour !"

XXIV.

Months glided by, the youth had learned to stray
Later than was his wont upon the hill ;
No more he hailed the morning's virgin ray—
No more he drank the music of the rill—
The birds' gay notes his soul no longer thrill—

His eye was dim—his cheek was thin and pale—
His step was languid;—Ah! he was a mortal frail.

XXV.

Yet virtue was not dead. One early morn
Poor Claudio came and sat beneath a tree.
His heart was sad—his countenance forlorn.
The night had passed in revel wild and free—
The luring cup, indulged beyond degree,
Dimmed reason's light—usurped disreverence's place,
And morning found sad Claudio weeping his disgrace.

XXVI.

He thought on all his youth's departed peace;
He thought on early joys, so free from guile;
But these were gone—truth, honor, now must cease;
His parents weep; his sisters cease to smile;
For he's too weak to break his fetters vile.
He fell upon the ground in blank dismay
Praying for death to carry him from earth away.

PART FOURTH.—THE RESCUE.

I.

But as he prayed, in loneliness and grief,
A tearful eye was watching his despair;
A gentle voice spoke words of kind relief
That caused the youth in wonderment to stare,
As by his side Amanda, calmly fair,
Appeared, as a bright angel from on high,
Come down to lift his soul from hopeless misery.

II.

"Claudio," in accents sweet the maid began,
"Deem it not strange that I have sought thee here.
I saw the early, and thy features wan
Told that thy heart had lost all ray of cheer.
Long have I watched, and long have nourished fear,
That worthless Julio beckons thee to death;
But, heaven be praised, tis not too late to pause as yet!"

III.

"Alas! it is too late," the youth replied;
"My courage fails—though angels point the way.
O, that my soul in innocence had died,
And my sad heart had never known this day!
But leave me—I can never more say nay
When wine and folly tempt my fallen soul,
I must rush madly on!—the gulf must be my goal!"

IV.

"Never!" she said; "thou'rt noble still and brave!
Thy present pain will turn to wisdom pure,
And make thee prudent, kind, and strong to save
Imperiled youth, deceived by folly's lure.
Here danger lurks; thou canst not well secure,
Mid scenes of former weakness, that control
That will restore the manly vigor of thy soul!"

V.

"Nay, interrupt me not—I've weighed this well!
My father seeks a youth of upright mind
To fill a distant mission. Now dispell
Thy gloomy thoughts, for he is well inclined
To trust it to thy care. In this you'll find
Release from lure; and, lit by wisdom's ray,
Should new allurements tempt, thou'l easily say nay!"

VI.

Speechless with gratitude, he kissed the hand
That rested on his arm in mild repose;
Then, as his tongue regained its lost command,
While tears were in his eyes, he gently rose
And said: "Amanda—angel—to oppose
Thy heavenly kindness were a crime immense—
I do thy will;—Oh! lead me back to innocence!"

VII.

"Then come," she said, "forget the thoughtless past
And bear thee bravely—be thy self again—
What though a shadow on thy path be cast?
'Tis but a passing gloom—a transient pain
That flies at virtue's reinstated reign;—
Fulfill this mission—'twill thy cares beguile—
Returning then thou canst resume thy wonted smile."

VIII.

They walked together from the shady grove,
And, as they went, the place relived with joy;
The birds resumed their fearless song of love,

And Claudio smiled—he was again a boy
With peace of soul no terror could destroy.
But ere from earth next morning's mists had cleared,
Bound on his distant mission he had disappeared.

CONCLUSION.

IX.

Three years have passed. Again the sounds of cheer
Resound within the village by the hill;
I sat in silence, fain to see and hear;—
I loved to trace the course of good and ill—
My bosom throbbed to joy's delicious thrill
On this glad evening, past all former times,
O, would that I could paint that gladness in my rhymes.

X.

As there I sat, a youth of noble mien
Met my glad sight. His eye was bright and clear;
His ample forehead showed a mind serene,
While his bright smile filled every heart with cheer;
But O, that smile, to me how doubly dear!
It was the same, whose virtue-breathing grace,
That first bright morn upon the hill, lit Claudio's face.

XI.

There was another radiant form that night
Which fading memory strove to recognize.
What could it be? Was it excess of light
That partly veiled those features from my eyes?
Ah! memory, thank thee for the sweet surprise;
Who else could sit so justly by his side
But fair Amanda, now the noble Claudio's bride.

XII.

Light were all hearts, and yet their joy was calm,
'Twas happiness, not gayety, whose ray
Lit every eye—whose breath did sweetly balm
The air around. As sped the night away
No boisterous mirth disturbed the waking day.
But, hark! what is that harsh, distressing sound
That seems man's voice with that of demons to confound?

XIII.

I turned and through the open casement gazed—
A reclining form that look did prompt chastise—
Its wandering eyes were wild and sadly glazed;
Its features scarce retained their human guise:—
He enters—Oh! what horror and surprise!
'Tis reckless Julio, coming thus to greet
The bridegroom. Such is life. Extremes will sometimes meet.

XIV.

I asked my heart why Claudio should be free,
While Julio still must tread the path of shame?
A sweet voice answered: "This is heaven's decree.
The youth deceived, who errs through other's blame,
His faults shall mend; but he who lights the flame
In others' breasts, shall perish in the strife—
For 'Such is Life!'—All ages echo: 'Such is Life!'

The Gilded Barn.

A Phantasy.

BY HOWYS THATPER HYE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

As Adolphus was carried rapidly on, an unresisting because powerless victim, bound fast, like another Mazeppa, on the back of his brown filly, painful and vivid were the fancies that flitted through his seething brain. His widowed mother's sighs echoed in his ears. Their little farm left untended and the brown filly stolen away would add to her distress. "She has no one to depend upon but me," he sadly reflected. "If she hires help, they will cheat and rob her."

At last his captor paused, dismounted, and unfastened the bonds and gags that chased the injured boy. "Now yell, if you like, young hound," said Jake; "there is no one to hear you but me and my mates. But attempt to escape and—" pointing a derringer at his head, "you are a dead chicken."

They entered the den and a black cook served up the reeking hominy and molasses, with the buckwheat cakes and fried fish that were, with the addition of hot coffee, to constitute their supper. Adolphus ate heartily feeling it to be his duty to keep up his strength and good spirits under these adverse circumstances, and the robbers complimented him on his "pluck." The next morning they started for Texas, and there disposed of the large drove of horses they had nefariously collected in the more civilized States.

Adolphus could hardly help heaving a sigh when he saw his brown filly auctioned off to the highest bidder. He took a good look at that highest bidder, however, reflecting that a man has a right to his own property wherever he finds it.

The following morning, the horse-thieves, who had already started on their homeward route, were rather surprised at missing Adolphus. They had considerably relaxed their vigilance in his regard of late, for they did not perceive any remarkable anxiety to escape on his part, and besides, if he did escape, he could not do them much harm down in Texas, you know.

At the same time the late purchaser of the brown filly missed her. She was gone. He raised a hue and cry. The vigilance committee scoured the community in every direction after the horse-thief, but he was nowhere to be found.

The fact was, that Adolphus had learned so many tricks from the genuine horse-thieves that he knew enough to steal his own mare.

What these tricks were I shall not pretend to say. I am not horse-thief enough to know them.

Some weeks after this, a youth with golden hair, mounted on a splendid brown filly might have been seen galloping over the summit of Pike's Peak.

He (for it was unquestionably Adolphus) had lost his way home.

However, as he was galloping about in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak, he found a nugget of gold surpassing in magnitude any discovery that had ever been made there before.

"Aha!" quoth Adolphus, "it is lucky I lost my way home after all."

He then fell in with a party of civil engineers who lent him a pocket compass, by which he readily found his way home.

He thought they were very civil engineers indeed.

So they were, or they would never have lent him their pocket compass. It is the last thing in the world that an engineer would be apt to lend.

When he got home he felt first-rate. His mother was remarkably glad to see him, and the barn, which had been the theatre of the beginning of his misfortune, was gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

That is all the gilding it ever had.

What, dear reader, do you imagine that Adolphus went to work and gilded it with the big nugget?

Why, what a fool you must be!

On the contrary, Adolphus and his mother lived happily on the proceeds of that nugget to the end of their days, and Mrs. Suckerson frequently dropped in to tea.

Bugism.

By ALPHARET JONES, M. D. F. R. S. A. X. Y. Z., author of the "Sentimental Fly," the "Rejected Mouse," the "Hidden Tail," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Bugism has cost me many a sleepless hour—I fondly hope it has done the same with others,—and therefore it is a relief to me to be able to announce that my labors on this important subject are drawing to an end. I believe it was the poet who said: "All things have an end!" Some things have two ends. I am deeply grateful to the press, and my distinguished friends for the cordial and encouraging reception which they have given my humble

efforts to expose the wiles and knavery of bed-bugs. I expect a continuance of these favors, and also take this opportunity of recommending my work on bugism to the popular popularity of the masses of a free and enlightened age. I do not agree with those who oppose me. Men rarely agree in contradictions. I see by the press that Terre Haute is a good place for a Methodist camp-meeting, because—behold the reason—a farmer there has several hundred chickens on his farm. In my opinion, the suggestion is unfraternal. The question for camp-meeters is not: "Are there any chickens in this here place?" but: "Are there any bugs within hearing distance of this locality?" If there be, don't go there. Bugs will hurt your feelings, I don't care how polite you are to them, when they visit you. They have no regard for delicacy nor decency. They will take your bed, and board on yourself. You may swear at them; call them all the nicknames in the calendar; kick them out of the house if you like, or give them any other unfriendly hint, but they'll come back as familiarly as if you had sent them a formal invitation to spend the night with you. Do not place any confidence in their impudent familiarities, for, as sure as the opportunity occurs, they will backbite you. Therefore let no inducement,—not even chickens e. trap you into a neighborhood inhabited by bed-bugs. Let the press take warning from these revelations.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

John Smith told me the following story of an encounter with bed-bugs: "On the 19th of June, in the afternoon, I went, by invitation, to spend the night with a friend in the country. We sat up late. After that I went to bed in a room which had not been inhabited by anything but a ghost for the last six months. The family had deserted that room, because in an hour after any of them got into bed there, the bed-tick and blankets began to move in some unaccountable way. They concluded all this must be the effect of a ghost in search of a local habitation, so they leased the premises to him or her for an indefinite period. When I was inside the door, my friend said, in a deprecating tone: 'John, are you afraid of ghosts?' 'I'm rather intimate with them,' I said, 'but why do you ask the question at this solemn hour?' 'Because,' he said in a whisper, 'there is a dozen or so of them in this room!' 'Are they up to the tricks of blowing out the lights?' says I. 'They're not up to that yet,' he said, 'they'll only move the bed, and pinch your sides.' 'They're welcome to all the fun they want, in that way,' says I. 'Are there any bugs in the room?' says I. 'No, not one.' 'Are you sure?' 'I am.' 'Give me a light, and a good hickory stick,' says I, 'and then let five dozen of ghosts come on!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMENDATIONS OF THE PRESS AND OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, ON "BUGISM."

[From the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

"As yet we have only seen some chapters in manuscript of this highly, pretentious work. We pass no criticism on its merits, but we stick to our ideas about its author."

[From the South Bend Union.]

"We are informed that Dr. Jones regards 'Bugism' as his best work. All right."

[From the South Bend Register.]

"Dr. Jones claims to be the author of 'Bugism.' Very well."

[From the Chicago Times.]

"'Bugism' is another story."

[From the New York Tribune.]

"We regard 'Bugism' as a scientific antidote for the destruction of bugs. As such this great work

of Dr. Jones ought to be in the hands of every intelligent farmer."

[From the Banner of Light.]

"'Bugism' is the *ne plus ultra* in the world of Spiritism. This work has, in our opinion, demolished the spiteful attacks of Barnum on Mediums, and not only this, but it is destined to supersede Darwinism in the scientific world, for Dr. Jones shows conclusively that there is a far greater and more universal connection between bugs and humanity, than there is between the latter and monkeys. There is not a man, woman, or child in creation, provided they or either of them ever slept in a bed, who cannot furnish the testimony of sad experience to corroborate the scientific theory of the truly learned Dr. Jones. We trust that no intelligent spirit will be without a copy of this great work."

[From the Hon. C. Sumner.]

"I regard 'Bugism' as the ruin of San Domingo. It is the bosom friend of the black man. Long may he cherish it."

[From the Hon. B. Butler.]

"I pronounce 'Bugism' to be a Ku-Klux conspiracy."

[From the President.]

"My dear Doctor, a thousand thanks for your great book. 'Bugism' has taught me how to clean out the swarms of bugs of all sizes and colors which have been infesting the Executive Mansion since I have had the misfortune to get into it. The Chair is literally crammed with these vermin, day and night, and very much needs to be taken apart: well shaken and thoroughly dusted. Indeed it must be all renovated by giving it new stuffing, new covering, new wood and new paint. Its present odor is positively intolerable."

"Your slandered, but ever affectionate old friend.

P. U. S."

Brief Sayings.

NUMBER THREE.

The most successful commanders of ancient or modern times, are general Gossip and general Slander. They control large armies, fight more battles, and slaughter more people than all other generals combined.

The hours of the day must be of Celtic origin, for every one of them has an "O" before its name. I could make a better yoke than this, if I'd try.

I suggest this ancestral coat of arms, for that most illustrious philosopher Mr. Darwin: A monkey rampant, with a skull-cap made of "cells," a bob-tail jacket made of "gummules," and the motto: "I could a tail unfold, that would scare the fretful porcupine." Bless thee! Darwin, bless thee! thou art translated! In what ill-starred fight hast thou lost thy tail? If thy parent's name was monkey, du tell me how thou hast got thine? Once upon a time, their lived a monkey as was a monkey. This monkey he was scientific, and in tumbling from the branch of a tree, he gravitated round till he fell upon the ground. He always fell down, but he never fell up, for he knew gravitation. This monkey he was not nautical so he eschewed navigation amid oceanic isles, lest he might be prosecuted by the laws of geographical distribution. This monkey he did die, or he did not die, which is all the same you know. When he did die, or did not die, he left a name, a scientific name, at which the world grew pale, to adorn his moral and point his tail.

I am informed that the city of Bertrand took fright and ran away at the sight and sound of the first train that passed by there on the Niles and South Bend railroad, a few days ago. Until this fit got into its head, it was generally supposed to be dead. On the same occasion, I learn that a buggy

ran away with two horses, and smashed itself to pieces near a bridge.

Darwin and His Monkey.

A facetious view of the novel theory in Darwin's "Descent of Man," is given in the London Times' criticism of that work—thus:

We are reminded, by such speculations, of the famous story which Corporal Trim endeavored so ineffectually to recite to Uncle Toby. "There was a certain king of Bohemia," said Trim; "but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honor." Uncle Toby was more accommodating than we are able to be from a scientific point of view. But we recommend the gracious permission be accorded to the corporal as a most appropriate motto for speculations of this kind. "Leave out the date entirely, Trim," said my Uncle Toby. In almost similar language: "There was a certain monkey," says Mr. Darwin, of that he is quite sure, and he frequently reiterates the assurance. There was a certain monkey, but in what period or country, except his own, I am not able to inform my readers." Probably, however, if hard pressed, he would again imitate Trim, and tell us it was about the time when geological "giants left off breeding." Starting from the unsubstantial presumption just indicated, Mr. Darwin proceeds to speculate on the manner of man's development, without being able to adduce the slightest evidence that facts correspond with his hypothesis. The history, however ingenious, is purely imaginary from beginning to end.

Mr. Darwin does not seem able even to make up his own mind respecting the scenes in which his romance should be laid. On the one hand, some hairy animals seem to have a tendency to diminish their covering when exposed to hot climates; on the other hand monkeys live in hot climates and prefer retaining their hair. When pressed with the argument that the supposed progenitors of man being probably very helpless and defenceless, would have been exposed to great risks, Mr. Darwin suggests that they "would have been" protected from any special risk "if they had inhabited some large continent or large island." On the other hand "the fact" of our progenitors belonging to the Catarine stock of monkeys "clearly shows that they inhabited the old world; but not Australia, nor any oceanic island, as we may infer from the laws of geographical distribution." And again we read, in considering another difficulty, that man does not appear to have aboriginally inhabited any oceanic island. We are as much puzzled about the original domain of this primeval monkey as Trim was about the maritime advantages of Bohemia,

Charity.

My Charity writes to you, dear Charity, and with charity offers a little charity. It is part of a charity which my charity received from another charity. I trust your Charity's Charity will put up with this Charity, as my Charity has no other Charity to offer to your good Charity. In return for our Charity I beg your dear Charity will offer your Charity's charitable prayers for your fond

CHARITY.

A STRIKING instance of the instability of fortune was witnessed at Dover recently. While the ex-Empress Eugenie and her son were in that town awaiting the arrival of Napoleon from the Continent, the Duc de Nemours, Princess Marguerite, and Princess Blanche of Orleans passed through the town on their way to France. Barely ten months have elapsed since the Orleans family sought permission from the ex-Emperor to return to France. Their request was refused, and M. Ollivier defended the refusal at considerable length in the Corps Legislatif.

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Tale-Bearing.

The love of God above all things is the first principle of all religion and the basis of all morality. The love of our neighbor as ourselves, although included in the former and immediately deducible from it, was deemed, by the Divine Author of Christianity, so important an element in that more full and explicit doctrine of religious truth and morality which he delivered to the world, that he insisted specially upon it, and even ranked it side by side with the great first principle itself. Besides, he made this mutual love amongst men the distinctive characteristic by which the true Christian is to be known: "By this shall men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

Now, if it be true that, whatever tends to weaken or diminish in us that supreme love of God, is opposed to the very essence of religion, it is not less true that, whatever tends to weaken or diminish in us a due love of our neighbor, is opposed to the essence of Christianity, and as Christianity is for us *all* religion, that which is opposed to it is, for us, opposed to religion; and the agent by whom such an injury is inflicted, if capable of a moral act, must be classed with those of whom it is said: "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh; it were better for such a one that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were cast into the depths of the sea."

But who does not see that the tale-bearer is such an agent of evil? Who does not see that the busy tattler is constantly and assiduously sapping the very foundation of that mutual good will and confidence, which it is the province of Christianity—of religion—to establish and preserve amongst men, and gradually widening the breach which the manifestation of some defect, under peculiar circumstances, caused between persons of a naturally good and amiable disposition, who, if left to the guidance of their own reason and naturally noble spirit, would very soon have forgotten the cause of their difference and resumed their usual intercourse of friendliness and charity?

Man is, unfortunately, far from being perfect, and though he may strive earnestly to overcome or at least conceal his imperfections, he will sooner or later, inevitably "let them out" in an unguarded moment. Yet, amongst men of judgment and good sense, the discovery of a defect, in an otherwise good and worthy man, will never lead to a contempt of such a one, nor to a mistrust of his good will and general uprightness; for, each one, reflecting seriously upon his own defects, and all men have some, will see at once that it would be both ungenerous and unjust, to condemn another because *his* "failings" have become manifest. Left then to the guidance of their natural good sense, men of ordinary goodness, would seldom continue in a misunderstanding arising from such a cause.

But Busybody steps in, and not only keeps alive the little spark of disapproval or even incipient dislike which now and then will show itself amongst the best of friends, but fans that spark into a flame, often sufficient to destroy not only mutual good will, but also Christian charity itself. But how is this done? Does the tale-bearer accomplish his

diabolical work by a straight-forward and truthful statement, of facts? No. This *never* happens; for in such a case he would be powerless with men of sense at least. Nor does he always resort to open falsehood, this would expose him to a speedy detection. No, his is a more subtle game, he has a show of foundation in fact for what he says; then he colors facts to suit his purpose and circumstances. Let me illustrate the snake-like working of the tale-bearer.

Elias Smith and Nathan Jones were two excellent men who had lived for many years on terms of intimate friendship, each deriving advantage from the good counsel and often more substantial assistance of the other. One day, however, Mr. Jones entered into a business transaction, the results of which were somewhat detrimental to the interests of his friend Smith, although he was not aware that Smith was in the least interested in the affair. Had he been aware of the true state of the case, he certainly would have taken measures to protect the interests of his friend, whom he sincerely esteemed.

Well, Smith naturally felt a little sore over the matter, and prompted by his old friendship for Jones, was, in spite of his disappointment, endeavoring to explain the affair to his own mind in such a manner as would shield his friend from the charge of wilfully injuring him. He did not go to Jones for an explanation, which would at once have placed the matter in its true light, and given the latter an opportunity of exercising that generosity which a man of natural goodness and refinement is ever ready to show to a friend. No, Smith was too generous-minded himself, and he feared that under the influence of those feelings which unavoidably arise from a recent injury, whether intended or not, he might say something that would lead to an open and irreparable breach between himself and Jones—a result which he by no means desired, at least on a first and not very serious provocation.

While thus striving to bring his feelings under control, Mr. Smith is met by Busybody, who of course knows the whole affair and all its circumstances. This personage, if he be pretty well acquainted, (and such individuals generally manage to be), begins somewhat in this style:

"Well, Smith, I always feared that that Jones would play you foul sometime. I know something about him, and though he may have one eye for his friends, he always has two, wide open, for himself. Yet I really did not think he would act so small with you. I thought he would keep a smooth face till he got a chance to make a big haul."

Here Smith, hoping to get some information that will help him to settle the question in his own mind, observes: "But very likely Jones did not know that my interests were involved. I can scarcely bring myself to believe that he would knowingly injure me."

"Bless your heart," strikes in Busybody, with an incredulous laugh; "did not know! Why everybody knew it, and if I am not much mistaken, I heard old Simon tell Jones, a day or two before the business was settled, that that transaction would be a serious disappointment to you. However, I am not quite sure about that, though I am strongly under the impression that it happened as I tell you, and though I did not hear very well what Jones said, yet it sounded to me like: 'Every man has to look out for himself first.'"

Smith, a little off his guard, and with growing suspicion, says: "Well if that be the case, all I have to say is, that Jones is like the rest of men, and I shall only have to be careful whom I trust in future." With this he walks away, weary of the subject, and considerably more disturbed in his mind.

Busybody also becomes a little thoughtful. It is quite evident to his mind that Smith suspects Jones of doing him wrong with his eyes open; he no

longer thinks Jones worthy of confidence as a friend, and probably would not even believe him if he denied having any previous knowledge of the fact that Smith was going to be a loser in the case. Of course, he (Busybody) can't help what Smith thinks of Jones, he only said just what he thought and gave nothing as certain that he was not sure of; he was *not* sure that old Simon had told Jones, and he said so, yet if old Simon had not told him, he might have done so, and that is pretty much the same. Busybody is sorry that Smith feels so towards Jones, because Jones is a good sort of a fellow after all, and, on the whole, he thinks Jones ought to know how Smith does feel—perhaps the matter can be straightened up yet.

With this benevolent(?) intention, off goes Busybody in search of Jones, whom he finds comfortably seated in his office looking over some papers relating to his recent business transaction. Busybody enters and begins by excusing himself, thus:

"Beg pardon, Mr. Jones, I fear I am intruding, but I just dropped in to congratulate you on your late good fortune—a very lucky hit, but—"

"O, you mean my arrangements with White—yes I feel quite satisfied, yet I think I paid all the concern was worth to him, though it is worth much more to me. Altogether I look upon it as a fair, and to me a very advantageous investment."

"Yes, you can work the business better than White could, and I am glad you have got it, especially after what I have lately heard—Jones, you do not know that Smith as well as you might, nor as well as you ought either—"

"Why? What about him?" enquired Jones in surprise.

"Well, I do not like to go between friends, you understand," replies Busybody; "but the fact is, I have had my suspicions about Smith this long time, and I now find that I was not altogether mistaken."

"But what has happened?—out with it, man," said Jones, anxiously.

"Well, you see," answers Busybody, "Smith found out that you were negotiating for this business, and having an eye to his own pocket, he began a secret, roundabout scheme to get it himself, and would have done so, if you had not been prompt, as usual; and now, finding that you got the start of him, he throws all the blame on you; insists that he was in ahead of you, and that you circumvented him, picking the thing out of his hands under the guise of friendship. He feels like a bear with a sore head, and will not believe that you acted a straightforward part in the matter."

"But," says Jones, who had up to this time scarcely comprehended what he heard, so great was his astonishment "I had no idea that Smith thought of going into this speculation; if I had, I certainly would have talked to him about it, and, if agreeable, gone halves with him;—but I will see him and make the matter all right,—Smith is too good a friend to break with for so slight a reason."

It may be well to remark here, that Smith *had* no intention whatever of engaging in this speculation, in the sense in which Busybody represented it to Jones. The loss, resulting to him from the transaction, had a very different cause; but it did not suit this meddler to see the case right, so he sets to work to deface Jones' friendly intentions;—he speaks in this manner:

"Now if I might presume to offer a suggestion, I would say you had better not see Smith till he has had time to cool down a little. In his present state of mind, he certainly will not listen to any explanation you can give. I even intimated to him this very day, when I accidentally met him, that you could probably explain your action in the matter satisfactorily but he grumbled something about false friendship and misplaced confidence, and walked off in quite a huff, which said as plain as words could, 'Let him try to fool me with his explanations, and he'll find I cannot be duped al-

ways.' So if you would avoid a downright quarrel, you had better give him time to find out his mistake by himself. At least that is my view of the case, but you know your own business best."

Jones looked thoughtful a moment. To be accused of wilfully wronging his best friend, and, above all, to be accused by that friend himself, who, he now discovers, was secretly working to defeat his plans, was a hard stroke—too hard for even a sincere, manly friendship, like his, to bear without some feeling of rebellion. The struggle was visible on his features for a while,—then he asked:

"Did Smith really say that he believed I had gone against him in this business, knowing that he made proposals ahead of me?"

"I cannot be certain of the exact words which he spoke, but his whole conversation amounted to that, and more: the great point was that you had injured him; that you knew beforehand that you were going to injure him, and did it, giving as an excuse that a man had to look after his own interests first;—this he had heard and believed. Finally, he intimated a determination not to trust you nor anybody else in future. This was the sum and substance of the conversation with me, and, of course, I do not pretend to know what he may have said further to others."

Ah! such is ever the dodge of the talebearer. He is never quite certain about what he has heard or seen, but it was "substantially" so or so, or "something to that effect," and generally he concludes with an insinuation which may mean nothing at all, or may mean a great deal, though usually it is taken to mean a great deal, as the mind of the listener is already prepared to imagine anything and everything to the disadvantage of the one whose character is undergoing scrutiny.

Jones had listened to the preceding obscure explanation, and then with compressed lips, and with the air of an injured man, said:

"Well, Smith may please himself. If he will judge and condemn me on vague rumors, he is welcome to the benefit of his own judgment. When he gets tired of his own theory on the subject, he may come to me and I shall set him right. Yet I regret that he thinks proper to break with me so lightly."

"So do I, really," puts in Busybody; "but I thought he was very ungenerous towards you, seeing that you had always been his best friend, and I thought it only right that you should know it."

Jones thanked this smooth faced bisilisk for the information he had given him, supposing that he had been thereby saved from the mortification of being scouted and insulted by the friend whom he had never knowingly injured. Then Busybody, with a satisfied smile, took his departure, to continue his work of destruction as opportunity should offer.

But we need not follow him farther in his disgraceful path, nor trace the watchful cunning with which he avails himself to every opportunity to say a disparaging word of one of his victims in presence of the other; or shrug his shoulders in that ominous way that often speaks more forcibly than words; all the time, of course, wearing the outward guise of disinterested charity. But what was the result to Jones and Smith? For a time they bowed coolly to each other whenever they chanced to meet, but neither would make advance to the other, as each deemed himself injured by the other. Gradually they ceased even to recognize each other at all; then they began to speak ill of each other, and finally each thought only of how he could injure the other—they were *enemies*. And all from a misunderstanding of no consequence in itself, but kept alive and magnified into giant proportions by a meddling tale-bearer.

Such is the influence of tale-bearing on the individuals concerned. But who can calculate the amount of slander and calumny—of *sin*, arising even

from a single case of this kind! The friends of the parties thus at variance naturally take opposite sides, and then all the scandal that ever occurred in either of these families for generations back is raked up and brought again on the scene, to the great detriment if not utter destruction of Christian charity. And, Heaven protect us! all this evil may be brought about by one Busybody!

But what remedy is there for so great an evil? Certainly if the officious tale-bearer received his due, he would get a sound flogging every time he exercised his hell-invented profession, yet this remedy cannot be applied, as it would be contrary to the dictates of charity. The best and surest remedy in all such cases is to pay no attention to the tale-bearer's story; for in ninety-nine cases in a hundred his story is either utterly false, or so highly colored as to be equivalent to a falsehood. And should the story be such as to make any impression upon the mind, notwithstanding our resolution to disregard it, the sooner we go to the one of whom the story is told, and have an understanding with him, the better; for as I have said, in the great majority of cases, it will be found that there was no ground for the story at all, or that it was so slight as to be unworthy of the least attention.

If men would pursue this course they would be spared much unhappiness, and the world many melancholy scenes of social bitterness and wrangling, while the busybodies, finding their profession unprofitable, might be led to occupy themselves in something more useful to themselves, and less hurtful to others, and God would be less offended than he is now, by the wholesale disturbance of charity amongst men.

THE work on the new church is progressing vigorously.

WHAT has become of the Orchestra? We hear no more about their delightful soirées.

THE new railroad from South Bend to Niles is finally completed and trains run regularly.

WE noticed, last Sunday, in the parlor of St. Mary's Academy, a beautiful piece of wax-work, made by Sister Emily. It is very fine, and elicited our unqualified admiration.

ON Sunday evening the Band showed itself, and made itself heard, to the great pleasure of all lovers of good music. They play some excellent and difficult pieces as well as those of a lighter cast, and thus suit a variety of taste.

REV. FATHER LAWLER, of Logansport, Ind., and Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of Laporte, Ind., made a short visit at Notre Dame last week. We are always happy to see our Rev. friends, and only regret, at their departure, that their stay with us was so brief.

RECEIVED.—An elaborate essay, from the Scientific Department, entitled "Thoughts on Science and the Age in which we live," by John A. Zahm. We regret that we cannot find room for this essay in our present number, but will reserve a front seat for it in our next.

ONE of our typos, while training for the match game of base-ball between the "Printers' Nine" and the "Minims," caught a "fly" on one side of his nose which obliged him to keep a pound (more or less) of raw beef on one of his eyes for several days. He thinks that particular "fly" was a very *base* one.

PROF. CORBY continues to devote all his time and energies to the preparation of the vocal music part of the coming exhibition on the 31st, and his efforts are well seconded by his many earnest pupils, who appreciate their present rare advantages for vocal culture. If we do not hear some good singing on the 31st, it will not be the fault of the vocal classes nor of their able instructor.

New Publications.

THE TRUCE OF GOD. A tale of the eleventh century. By George H. Miles. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

We have just finished reading this beautiful production, and find it a story of thrilling interest. Besides the artistic execution of a well-conceived plot, the author has in a few brief but masterly touches, portrayed in its true colors the noble and saintly character of Gregory VII, commonly known as Hildebrand, and so much misunderstood and misrepresented by those who do not love justice as much as they do party spirit.

Of the story itself, as a literary production, we need not speak here. It is quite sufficient to say that it was written by George H. Miles, and published by Murphy, of Baltimore—two names, either of which, will ever be a sufficient passport to the reading public.

THE EXPIATION. A drama in three acts. Translated from the French by J. James Kehoe: Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers.

The scene of this tragedy is laid in Mont-brun, France, at the time of the Crusades. The plot is artistic and well executed; the sentiment noble, and, in a word, this play is another valuable addition to our dramatic literature. It is arranged for male characters, and highly suitable for representation in colleges and other places where it is desirable that male characters alone should appear.

ST. LOUIS IN CHAINS. A drama in five acts. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers.

This play is well suited for college exhibitions. The plot is well conceived and well carried out, the language smooth and spirited, the moral tone unobjectionable.

Irish Music.

A celebrated musician on hearing for the first time a simple Irish melody, exclaimed: "That is the music of a nation which has lost its liberty." And such indeed is the music of the Irish people. Through the melodies of the national music, there run continual strains of sadness and joy, of sorrow and levity. But the joy is that which only comes at times to the man sick at heart, and the levity is the levity of one who would drown his sorrow but who cannot. We hear in the strains the tramp of armies moving to battle; we hear no pean of victory,—we hear only the wail o'er the dead, and the bitter laugh of him who would be merry in spite of himself. We picture to ourselves, when the songs of Erin steal into our ears, the days "when Malachi wore the collar of gold;" the days when Brian Boru led his men to victory against the Danes; the days when the voluntary exiles of Erin went through the nations of Europe as warriors and as teachers; of the days when the Lia Fail rested on the sod of Ireland. But the same air recalls to the mind the fact that days like those when Malachi lived are gone; they carry in them the lament for the chieftains slain,—and they tell us that there are involuntary exiles from the Emerald Isle, in our own day. We hear in the plaintive melody of Carolan of the trials, and sufferings and wrongs of a people forced to fly to the caves and to the mountains to worship God as their conscience directed.

Some archaeologists would persuade us that the music to which Moore adapted his songs, has been handed down to us from a great antiquity. Some of the Irish melodies, indeed, can be traced to the fifth century; but, as a general thing, most of the polite airs of that country came into existence in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. However, it is safe to say that the Céans, Cries, Wails, etc., which, however, are not the *music* of the country,

date their origin in years as early as the fifth century, if not in an earlier age. But a beautiful air does not need the charms of antiquity to adorn it—it lives by its own merits. We leave then to the antiquarian to search the shadowy past, and discover whether or not Adam and Eve sang in pure Celtic when enjoying the sweets of Paradise.

Some archaeologists claim that the Irish were at an early age acquainted with the counter-points and that they understood the diésis or enharmonic interval. The ancient Greeks, from all we can learn, undoubtedly understood the diésis and formed their ear to this delicate gradation of sound. But it is wholly without proof that any of the ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, or Britons, or Celts, had any knowledge of harmony, and that the praise of transmitting song through the "variegating prism of harmony," is due to later times.

It was not until the invention of Guido became thoroughly understood that the Irish music took the sweet and agreeable tone by which it is marked. Until this invention of the gamut by Guido was made, this music was subjected to a mutilated scale, but after Guido flourished the harps of Ireland were enlarged. More strings were added to them and the melodies were improved. The bards of Scotland stood by their old mutilated scale and did not adopt the gamut of Guido, so that the music of Ireland became subject to the laws of harmony and counter-point while those of Scotland remain in their original wildness and beauty. Many of the beautiful airs claimed by the people of Scotland, do not rightfully belong to them but belong, as any one who understands at all the difference in the style of music in the two countries, to Ireland.

However, although the style of Irish music has been improved and sweetened by modern science, yet it still retains its first simplicity and its originality. Carolan and other great masters of Irish music had many opportunities, of which they profited, of hearing the works of Germiniani and other masters, yet neither he nor his followers ever abandoned their original simplicity nor did they seek the flowery embellishments of the Italians. In his *Concerto*, that strange and curious composition, Carolan sought to imitate Corelli—but in this one piece only and this was not a success.

It is somewhat curious that the music of most nations has sought to mimic natural noises. But in Irish music, excepting in the low songs of the street singer, none of these mimicries can be found. Indeed foreign styles have not injured Irish music. Its chief corruptions are to be found in the want of skill of some of her own musicians who frequently loaded down the sweet music of their country with their own fantasies.

But through all the airs of Erin, though sometimes the original strain can no longer be traced yet there runs through the whole that rich vein of Irish spirit and nationality which has charmed, and will charm, all the nations of the earth. J.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 5.—J. Gearin, N. Mitchell, V. Voncaulabrouck, P. O'Connell, L. Rupert, J. Fox, C. Wheeler, R. McCarty, J. McGahan, P. Coakley.

May 12.—E. Nugent, O. Wing, W. Clark, G. Darr, E. Dum, J. Murnane, J. Petesch, J. Zimmer, J. McCarthy, P. Finnegan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 5.—J. Crummey, C. Hutchings, H. Breckweg, W. Dodge, Stubbs, D. Egan, J. Spillard, P. Skelton, R. Lange, C. Morgan.

May 12.—C. Dodge, H. Jones, J. Marks, W. Dum, H. Woltering, C. Ortmayer, H. Potter, J. Ruddiman, S. Ashton, W. Wilstach, P. Scott.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

We delay the press to announce that the Juniors are the B. B. CHAMPIONS—27 to 17.

Oriental Studies.

"ADON OHLAM."

[From the Jewish service on the Feast of Tabernacles.]

"Adon Ochlom"—Universal Lord! who the scepter sway'd
Ere creation's first wondrous form was fram'd;
When by His will divine all things were made,
Then King! Almighty! was His name proclaim'd!
When all shall cease, and this world's system o'er,
Then He tremendously alone will reign:
Who was, who is, and will for evermore
In most resplendent glory still remain,
Sole God! unequalled and beyond compare:
Without division, or associate,
Without commencing date, or final year,
Omnipotence is His regal state.
He is my God, my living Redeemer,
My shelt'ring rock in a distressed hour;
My refuge, my standard, and protector,
My lot's disposer, when I seek His power.
Into His hands my spirit I consign
Whilst wrapt in sleep, and when again I wake;
And with my spirit, my body I resign
The Lord's with me, no fears my soul shall shake.

RABBI.

The Burial of Moses.

The following is described by a friend who sends it to us as "one of the most remarkable productions in our language. The solemn and impressive character of the theme is fully sustained in the imaginative and descriptive grandeur of the language which paints the picture. It was first published in the "Dublin University Magazine," several years ago; but the author has never been publicly known."

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut., xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead the masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nobles of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place

With costly marble dressed;
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his unconfined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Aurora Beacon.*

FRANCE will have to pay 5,000,000,000 francs to Germany as a war indemnity. This, in five-franc gold pieces, would weigh 55,000,000 pounds, avoirdupois. To transport all this gold by rail, supposing each car to carry 11,000 pounds, a train of 5,000 cars would be required. When spread out on the ground, one touching the other, these five-franc gold pieces would reach almost around the globe. If five-franc pieces enough to make this amount were placed one above the other, they would make a column of gold 1,676 miles in height. If this column, having its base in Paris, should topple over in the direction of Berlin, Berlin would be only one third of the whole distance reached by the coin at the top of the column. A quick cashier, able to count 10,000 five-franc pieces in an hour, supposing that he commenced at the age of 30, would be nearly 70 years of age before he finished counting it, in case he should count eight hours daily for 300 days every year.

France can only discharge this enormous debt by levying the most onerous taxation and at the same time abolishing the greater portion of its standing army, thus destroying its military prestige, and keeping it under the heel of the conqueror for the next century. The debt of France before the war was enormous, and it is now increasing fearfully every day by the civil war. Unhappy France! Will she be forced to recall Louis Napoleon in order to restrain the mad butchery of one another by her crazy populace?

HIGHLY POETICAL.—An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon Gen. Jackson, written by an Eastern bard:

"When you see their eyes glisten, then my men, fire!"—Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire.

THOMSON is not going to do any thing more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

St. Cecilia Philomathian Association.

The 34th, 35th, and 36th regular meetings of this Society were held respectively April 29th, May 6th, and 14th. The exercises, a report of which is here given, consisted chiefly of the business of the Moot Court.

Prof Foote, of the Law Department, presided. The charge against the prisoner was that of highway robbery. The chief prosecuting witness was Mr. Scott, travelling agent for a dry-goods house. The defence was conducted by Messrs Mahoney and McHugh, the case for the people being conducted by Messrs Dodge and Ashton. A jury being selected, Mr. Dodge opened the case for the prosecution by a substantial relation of the facts. Mr. Scott was coming home with a large sum of money, and stopping near a crowd in front of the Union Clubhouse, was struck on the head, stunned and robbed. Witnesses then took the stand. Mr. Scott, the complaining witness, seemed to bear his heavy loss with equanimity, but tripped once or twice in his account of the affair. He wasn't exactly sure who knocked him down. Mr. Brown, a carpenter, identified the prisoner as the assailant. So also had Mr. Hayes, a policeman, who captured the prisoner, immediately after the deed, although the latter had managed to make away with the money during that time. The prosecution being closed, the Court adjourned until May 7th, when the defense was commenced. An *alibi* was proven. The Mayor of the city, Mr. Foley, testified as to the character of the defendant, as also did the prisoner's partner, Mr. Ward, in the hardware business. The testimony of Mr. Dum was highly favorable to the accused. They all proved that the prisoner was the injured and not the offending party. The case was well conducted by counsel on both sides, and when all the testimony was in, the Court adjourned until May 14th. This third session was devoted to the legal arguments. Mr. Dodge summed up the case for the prosecution, in a short speech, and was followed by Mr. McHugh, on the defense, in an elaborate speech, ornamented with Latin quotations. He also paid his addresses to one of the counsel on the other side. His colleague Mr. Mahony followed, and in a good speech touched all the points of the case setting up those of his own side in a clear, favorable light and overturning those of his opponents. Mr. Ashton closing the case for the prosecution, replied to the attack of Mr. McHugh. He was not very happy in the selection of a few expressions. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

It was evidently a popular one, if the applause awarded it, be a sign of the times.

D. BROWN, Cor. Sec.

Base-Ball.**STAR OF THE EAST VS. STAR OF THE WEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.**

The first of the series of match games of baseball for the championship now pending between the Star of the West and Star of the East Base-Ball Clubs, came off on Wednesday, the 10th inst. The game was the most exciting one we have ever seen at Notre Dame, and, though not closely contested towards the end, was watched throughout with interest and pleasure by a large concourse of spectators. Mr. J. Taylor acted as umpire and received the warm approbation of every one present, spectators as well as players, for his close and undeviating attention to the game and the fairness and accuracy of his decisions.

The "peuny," as usual, seemed to favor the Juniors, and the Star of the East were sent first to the bat, the game commencing at a quarter after two o'clock. The following is the score by innings:

FIRST INNING.

Star of the East.—Dechant bats a grounder to second and takes first. Gambee bats a foul-fair between third and home and goes to first, sending Dechant to second. Dechant tries to steal third, and is put out by McGuire's throw to Gault. Gambee steals second and third and Murnane bats to "short," taking first and sending Gambee home. Murnane steals second. Staley bats to "short" but the two Dums tend to him and he dies on first. Walsh bats to third and takes third on Gault's wild throw to first, sending Murnane home. Farrell sends Walsh home and takes third on a fine grounder between first and second. Sweeney bats a grounder to first and retires, leaving Farrell on third. Side out with three runs scored.

Star of the West.—S. Dum gains first on a grounder to Wilson, steals second and gets home on a passed ball. McGuire takes third on a long fly to center. Dodge bats to Sweeney who fails to get him out on first, and McGuire tallies. Reilly fouls out to Murnane. McOske hits to Staley and takes first on Gambee's muff. Gault bats a high fly to left and takes first, Dodge tallying, and McOske to third. Hogan fouls out to Murnane. McOske comes home and Gault takes third on a passed ball. W. Dum bats to right and takes first bringing Gault home. Ashton sends a fly to Farrell who muffs it, and Ashton takes first. S. Dum hits to second and reaches first, W. Dum tallying. McGuire bats to Staley and goes out on first. Side out—six runs. S. Dum and Ashton left on bases.

SECOND INNING.

Star of the East.—Wilson led off with a long fly to left, taking second, gets home on passed ball. Shields fouls out to McGuire. Dechant to first on fly to centre. Gambee hits directly to short, and, by a very poor play of Reilly's, instead of the double play every one expected, no one was put out. Dechant tries to steal third and is put out by McGuire's throw to Gault. Murnane bats to Ashton and goes out on first. Side out—one run.

Star of the West.—Dodge goes to first on a grounder. Reilly the same on balls. McOske out on strikes. Gault to first on a fly, and Hogan on balls. W. Dum out on first by a grounder to Staley. Ashton takes first on Wilson's bad muff, and S. Dum strikes out. Side out—five runs.

THIRD INNING.

Star of the East.—Staley to first on grounder; Walsh strikes out. Farrell bats a fly, takes first and gets out on third by Ashton's throw to Gault. Sweeney, Wilson, Shields, Dechant, Gambee and Staley get bases on fine batting. Murnane bats to Ashton and takes first on S. Dum's muff. Walsh bats to first and retires. Side out—eight runs.

Star of the West.—McGuire to first on a grounder, and Dodge the same on balls. Reilly out on a foul fly to Sweeney, McOske out on a fly to Staley. Gault to first on high fly to left, and Hogan out on fly to Wilson. Side out—two runs.

FOURTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Farrell out on a foul tip to McGuire. Sweeney hits a fierce liner to short but Dum Bill takes it in splendid style—the best catch of the day. Wilson bats a hot grounder to Gault and dies on first. Side out—"whitewash."

Star of the West.—W. Dum takes first on grounder and gets out on second; Ashton, S. Dum and McGuire take first on grounders. Dodge takes second on a long fly to left. Reilly, McOske and Hogan take first on "flies," and Gault on a grounder, W. Dum lifts a long fly to centre and gets out on home plate. Ashton, S. Dum and McGuire take first on grounders and Staley's bad stop. Dodge takes first on Sweeney's bad throw to Gambee, and gets out on third—Murnane to Sweeney. Side out—11 runs.

FIFTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Shields bats a "red hot" one to S. Dum and goes out on first. Dechant to first on

Ashton's muff, Gambee on a grounder, and Murnane on balls. Staley bats a fly to Gault who muffs purposely for a double play, but throws wild to McGuire—Gambee forced out on third. Walsh takes first on a muff by Gault. Farrell makes a clean home run on a fine hit to right. Wilson and Sweeney take first on grounders, and Shields bats a fly to Reilly and goes out. Side out—six runs. Wilson left on second.

Star of the West.—Reilly to first on balls,—McOske, Gault, Hogan, and W. Dum on good batting, Ashton on balls, S. Dum on a muff by Farrell, McGuire out on a fly to Sweeney, and Dodge follows suit—two very efficient catches. Reilly, McOske, Gault and Hogan to first on grounder, W. Dum on balls, Ashton on a grounder, S. Dum on Welsh's muff, McGuire on Shields bad stop, Dodge out on a fly to Staley. Side out—14 runs—McGuire left on second.

SIXTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Dechant to first on Hogan's muff, Gambee bats a grounder to center—out on second. Murnane lifts a long fly to Dodge and goes out—a fine catch—Staley to first on a grounder, Walsh on balls, Farrell on a fly and Sweeney fouls out to McGuire—side out—two runs.

Star of the West.—Reilly leads off with a second base hit to center, McOske to first on Farrell's muff, Gault on Murnane's bad stop on short, Hogan on Gambee's muff, W. Dum out on a fly to Walsh, Ashton out on a foul, S. Dum out on a fly to Murnane—side out—three runs.

SEVENTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Wilson to first on a fly misjudged by W. Dum. Shields, Dechant, Murnane, Gambee, Walsh, Staley, Sweeney and Wilson make first-base hits. Farrell fouled out to McGuire, Shields gets out on third—McGuire to Gault. Dechant gets out on first—S. Dum to Ashton—side out—nine runs.

Star of the West.—McGuire to first on a grounder, Dodge put out on a fly to Walsh, Reilly sends a splendid liner to center and makes a clean home run, McOske out on fly to Staley, Gault out on second—side out—two runs.

EIGHTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Dechant fouls out, Gambee and Murnane to first on grounders, Staley fouls out to W. Dum—a fine catch. Farrell out on a fly to W. Dum—side out—two runs.

Star of the West.—W. Dum to first on grounder, Ashton out on first—Staley to Gambee. S. Dum the same. McGuire to first on grounder, Dodge on Murnane's muff, and Reilly out on foul bound—side out—two runs.

NINTH INNING.

Star of the East.—Sweeney to first on grounder, Wilson hits a grounder to center—home run. Dechant to first on Gault's muff, Gambee forces him out on second and goes out on first—double play—side out with two runs.

Star of the West.—McOske to first on a grounder, Gault out on first, Reilly W. Dum and Ashton to first on errors, and S. Dum on balls. "Jimmy" McGuire hits a long fly to right and makes a clean home run. Dodge out on first—Staley to Gambee. Reilly, McOske and Gault to first on grounders, Hogan fouls out—side out—eight runs.

Score.—Star of the East—33. Star of the West—53.

Scorers.—N. Mitchell and V. Hackmann.

Umpire.—"Jimmy" Taylor.

Time of game, three hours and a quarter.

STONEWALL.

ANXIOUS TRAVELLER.—"Hello, there! What boat is that?"

Captain—"Tow-boat."

Traveller—"But what line is it?"

Captain—"Tow-line."

Traveller—"I want to get aboard."

Captain—"Get one off the fence."

EDITOR "SCHOLASTIC":—A few words from St. Mary's College, Galveston, Texas, may be interesting to your readers. At this time I will send you an address or rather a valedictory of the President of the base-ball club, (Star of the South) and a "thing or two" about the doings of said club.

The Star of the South held their first regular meeting on Saturday, March 4, 1871. The meeting was called to order by the President; after a few remarks, he stated the object of the meeting, and the club proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

Director—Brother Charles.

President—Jules Reynolds.

Vice-President—W. Hibbert.

Secretary—C. LeClue.

Treasurer—W. Slaughter.

Field Directors—C. Vilienove, J. Dalger.

Censor—G. Buchmann.

The club is in first rate order, in every sense of the term, which may be attributed to the good tact of Brother Charles, who leaves nothing undone towards its advancement.

We have had many distinguished visitors during our short career, amongst whom were the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Galveston, the Very Rev Father General, S.S.C., and many others of the clergy. The Brothers, too, very often pay us a visit, particularly Brother Gregory, who gives the ball what he terms a small touch, but what we term sky-sweepers.

We had a match a few days ago with the champion Juniors of this city; the following is the score by

INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Star of the South....	3	6	1	8	5	3	13	0	35—74
Champion.....	5	11	11	5	5	6	9	2	0—54

OBSERVER.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

My Dear Fellow-Students of St. Mary's College: Notwithstanding your taking me by surprise, I must say a few words in order to manifest a part of that gratitude which my feelings at the present moment constrain me to express. As it is the nature of man to err by times in communication with his fellow-beings, I claim no exemption from the general rule, and, therefore, must admit that I have erred sometime while amongst you; but let us forget and forgive, and thus cast what we might deem wrong on both sides into a grave of oblivion. Then, my dear young friends, I trust you will accept the gratitude which I have striven to express, and be sure I will always look back with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction on the days I spent in your midst. In connection with these few remarks, I wish also to say that I will always think kindly of St. Mary's College at Galveston, and never shall forget the kindness exhibited towards me by the good Brothers of Holy Cross, and every student therein. In conclusion, my very dear friends, permit me to say to each and to all of you, make good use of your time, continue to act with that honor you have hitherto exhibited, and be sure the result of such conduct will be an honor to your parents and teachers, and glory to yourselves.

J. REYNOLDS.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, GALVESTON,
TEXAS, April 27, 1871.

AN Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, argued: "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

A GENTLEMAN, evidently not of the period, declares that he can tell whenever he crosses the border of Massachusetts, because all the women begin to have "views."

An auctioneer selling books being asked by a suspicious customer, "Is that binding calf?" replied: "Come up, my good sir; put your hand on it, and see if there is any fellow-feeling."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT'.

May 7—Misses Tuberty, Shirland, Kellogg, Hogue, Dillon, Forbes, Borup, Shanks, Hurst, Tinsley, Clarke, Marshall.

May 14—Misses Zell, Cochrane, Lange, O'Brien, Haymond, Reynolds, Ray, Todd, Shea, Montgomery Spiers, Woods.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEPT'.

[The figures "1" and "2" indicate that the young lady whose name precedes the figure, has received either one or two tickets for exemplary deportment during the previous two weeks.]

Graduating Class—Misses Niel, Sturgis, Kirwan, Moriarty, Locke, Young, Radin, O'Neil, Foote, Rhinehart, Millard, each 2.

First Senior Class—Misses Tuberty, Dillon, Shirland, Kellogg, Marshall, Hogue, Clarke, Forbes, Borup, Hurst, Tinsley, Cornish, Shanks, each 1—Misses McMahon, McDougal, 2.

Second Senior Class—Misses Zell, Hoyt, Cochrane, Lange, O'Brien, Haymond, Brown, Ray, Reynolds, Shea, Todd, Montgomery, Mast, Bucklin, each 1; Misses Lassen, and Finley, each 2.

Third Senior Class—Misses Fox, Shea, Dooley, N. and L. Duffield, Ogden, Ward, Hoover, Finley, Hendricks, R. Leoni, Ford, Woods, each 2; Misses Green, Dickerhoff, Getty, Willis, Spiers, J. Leoni, Woods, Langerdeffer, Plamondon, each 1.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Letourneau, McFarlane, Wicker, Boyd, McTaggart, Devoto, Lloyd, Prince, McGuire, Lane, each 2; Misses Wilder, Nelson, Wood, Folvey, Cable, Angle, Bonnell, each 1.

Second Preparatory Class—McIntyre, Boyland, Emmons, Sutherland, McMahon, Ray, Duggan, Creveling, Sullivan, Lehmann, G. Kellogg Champion, each 2; Misses Greenleaf, L. and M. Weire, Lacy, each 1.

Third Preppatory Class—Misses Hunt, Klassen, Birney, Frazer, Roberts, Conahan, Drake, each 2; Miss M. Nash, 0.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses Shirland, Marshall, Niel, Millard, Forbes, Spiers, Quan, Moriarty, Locke, O'Neil, Young.

Second Class—Misses Borup, Cochrane, Hoyt, Gross, Clarke.

Third Class—Misses Ogden, Kellogg, M. and J. Kearney.

Fourth Class—Misses M. Wicker, and E. Blum.

GERMAN.

Second Class—Misses Hogue, Brown, Dillon, Hoover.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses Shanks, Shea, Cornish, Montgomery, Hynds, McMahon, DeHaven, Quan.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Foote, Hynds, Young, Shirland, Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses Borup, Angle, McMahon.

Second Class—Misses McDougall, Hurst, Cornish

Second Division—Misses O'Neil, Locke, Clarke, Todd, Ray, O'Brien, Ward.

Third Class—Misses Sturgis, McMahon, Reynolds, Rhinehart, Shanks, Lasson, L. Duffield, Prince, Hogue.

Second Division—Misses Lange, Emmonds, Tuberty.

Fourth Class—Misses Fox, Kreutzer, Weire, Ogden, Zell, Forbes, Wood, Blum, Green, Cable, Langerdeffer.

Second Division—Misses Frank, Frazer, Devoto, Cochrane.

Fifth Class—Misses Willis, Champion, Gross, Radin, Marshall, Mast, Ward, Letourneau.

Sixth Class—Misses Boyd, Sullivan, Leoni, Robson, Getty, Wier, Cummings.

Second Division—Misses Honeyman, Hendricks,

Seventh Class—Misses Lloyd, Tinsley, Duffield, Eighth Class—Misses Heldreth, Lehmann, Rush, Ninth Class—Misses Silverster, Butters, Harrison, Taylor.

Tenth Class—Misses Quill, Reynolds, Kendall, Harp—Misses Shirland, Radin, McMahon.

Guitar—Misses Montgomery, and M. Wier.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN EX-CONDUCTOR.

The "Fat Contributor," of the Cincinnati *Times*, has the following in regard to an old conductor promoted to train dispatcher: "Habit was very strong with the ex-conductor. As he sat in the office he would start every time he heard a bell ring, and yell 'All aboard!' then he would go about the office at intervals and try to collect fare of his assistants. We dropped in casually one afternoon, and Billy wanted to know if we had a pass. He couldn't get accustomed to his new position at all. He pined to be back again on the road. One day he begged the boys to put him through a collision, which they did to his entire gratification. They tore his clothes nearly off, blackened his eyes, broke a kerosene lamp over his head, and piled a red-hot stove on top of him. Billy was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he hadn't enjoyed himself so much since he had a bale."

MEN think of happiness as something without rather than within, and hence they seek for it in revel, society, and occupation rather than within themselves.—*Becker*.

A YOUNG gentleman who has just married a little beauty says she should have been taller, but she is made of such precious material that Nature couldn't afford it.

AN eminent American once spoke of this, his own, country as that "in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other part of the world."

THE wheelbarrow, for simplicity of construction, strength, courage, and general moral excellence, is the superior of the velocipede, and ought to be encouraged.

IT is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will oblige many that are not so—*Seneca*.

A HAPPY life is made up of happy thoughts, and man should be a very miser in hoarding conscientiously every mill of the true coin.

"SAMBO, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seed 'em kill mice."

THEY who practice deceit and artifice really deceive themselves more than they do others.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 9:46 a.m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4:10 a.m.
" 12:20 p.m.	" 4:10 a.m.
" 9:17 p.m.	" 2:00 p.m.
" 12:35 a.m.	" 5:30 p.m.

Way Freight, 3:30 p.m.

" " 6:50 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 3:53 p.m.	Arrive at Chicago 7:20 p.m.
" 3:13 a.m.	" 6:50 a.m.
" 5:00 a.m.	" 8:20 a.m.
" 4:53 p.m.	" 8:20 p.m.

Way Freight, 11:55 a.m.

" " 11:40 p.m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.

C. P. LILAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a.m., and 7:20 p.m.; Freight 4:05 p.m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a.m., and 6:20 p.m.; Freight, 4:50 a.m.